Three-fifths of the cotton crop is now produced by white labor.

The cost of constructing the Nicaragua. Canal is placed at \$64,000,000.

Six State Legislatures are considering bills that propose "restrictions" upon the railroads.

American whalers captured only 168 of the big fish last year, which was a falling off of fifty per cent.

congenital deaf mutes of the country are officials, and offenders are arraigned and increasing at a greater rate than the gen- tried with due formality. The punisheral population.

The New York Herald and other leading papers of the nation strongly favor the project of a National Zoological Garden at Washington.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale wants the Government to penson all schoolfifty consecutive years.

The forty million hogs raised in this country are valued at \$200,000,000. The Mississippi Valley claims to have raised three-fifths of the number.

John Bull's navy is growing apace. Six new monsters will shortly fly the white ensign. Each of these vessels has cost the British close upon \$1,500,000.

There is a Mormon settlement in Minnesota which is said to be steadily grow-State.

The punishment for a person who pulled the nose of a King 200 years ago was to be boiled to death in oil, but in these days the police court judge would probably make it thirty days.

Cremation is slowly gaining in favor as a means of disposing of the dead, and its use seems eminently proper, thinks the New York Telegram, in the case of those dying of contagious diseases.

It is a popular sying that rich men's sons don't amount to much. Of six thousand rich men in New York who have sons there are not twenty who are not hard at work building themselves up.

American apples are sent to England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Australia, Asia, Africa, South America and Mexico, and if the Eskimos want a few barrels, boasts the Detroit Free Press, all they have to do is to speak up.

The Helena (Montana) Live Stock Jour na! announces that one of the largest sheep companies in the Territory has declared a dividend of twenty-nine per this year they expect to increase it.

The courts of California have decided are cut off just the same. No warden will allow that a heathen pig tail is more sacred than American unplaited hair.

It is a mistake, the Atlanta Constitution informs us, to suppose the term black man is offensive in India. The natives of that country pity the English for having white faces, and formerly painted their criminals white as a pun-

The Carthusian monks, by order of the Pope, have refused a London offer of \$15,000,000 for a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of the charttreuse liquor. The monks for many years have jealously gearded the secret of the manufacture of this noted liquor.

Says the Chicago Times: "The election of William Saunders to the London council by nearly the largest majority obtained by any candidate is noteworthy. He advocates the doctrine that all the city and imperial expenses should be met by a tax on land values only."

A crying baby at New York saved the lives of a houseful of people. The house was on fire, and baby's eyes s:narted so from the smoke that she raised yells which aroused the sleeping family. This interesting incident puts the squalling baby in a better light.

In a late case on trial in Chicago the Judge said: "If I found a private detective following me I should do my best to fix him so that he could never follow any one else. There should be a law to punish any one employing these ghouls, who would swear a soul away for \$20."

The terrors of war constantly become more terrible, observes the Washington Star. Extralite is the latest. It is a new explosive that is as safe as sugar to make, as sand to carry, and does not explode from fire in the open army and navy residents at ten Generals, air, but only by percussion in a cart-

ridge. Bolivia and Paraguay are likely to come to blows about a scientific frontier. Bolivia is land locked, and, as a necessity of existence, demands a water outlet on the Paraguay River. Paraguay is in possession and resists such a demand. But for Brazil there would have been war already.

It is curious to notice how, amid all the talk about peace, and all the professions of peace desires, war preparations go on apace. Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Creat Britain are all increasing their armies or multiplying their ships or strengthening their fortresses. Russia persists in massing her men westward. Four squadrons have been added to the Ural Cossacks at Kieff. In no previous year have there been so many armed men in Western

The Magazine of American History points out that the winter of this year had its counterpart a hundred years ago and also two hundred years ago. In 1789 the farmers on Long Island were plowing their fields in January, and in 1688-5the Baron La Hontan made acanoe expedition in Minnesota waters, from November to March, without detention by ice.

Prisoners in the jail at Uniontown, Penn., have formed themselves into a court for the preservation of discipline. Professor Graham Bell says that the They have a judge, sheriff and other ment for breaches of prison discipline are fines and blows with a wet broom. The money collected from fines is set aside for the relief of destitute prisoners.

Albert Battison, of the British warship Impregnable has just been given the Stanhope gold medal, the highest honor of the Royal Humane Society. teachers who have faithfully served for Battison rescued a young girl who had broken through the ice on a pond and disappeared. He went out on the ice, dived under it, grabbed the girl and took the chance of breaking the ice with his head when he came to the surface. He was successful. His feat was a remarkable one, as the water was very deep

The Connecticut Constitution, whose two hundred and fiftieth anniversary was observed at Hartford recently, is said by the Boston Journal to be the oldest written Constitution permanently ing. They have six missionaries at work limiting governmental power known in among the Scandinavian settlers of the history. This is a remarkable fact, and one with which very few New Englanders have been acquainted. It adds a new distinction to the record of our New England commonwealths, and affords a striking proof of the justice of our claim of having laid the real foundations of popular government.

> The postal savings bank system was established in Canada in 1868, at which time the amount to be held on deposit was unlimited. A limit was afterward fixed at \$10,000, and was subsequently reduced to \$3000. Last year the Government lowered the limit of depoists to be received from any one to \$300 in any one year, and \$1000 in all. On the 30th of June last there were 433 offices in operation, and 152,978 deposits had been made during the year, which closed wit' \$20,679,032 on deposit. Farmers pear to take the lead.

The gradual crumbling of the rock on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls has led to singular changes in the contour of the Horseshoe Falls. These well deserved their name, but it is now said that a double horseshoe has been formed by the disappearance of the rock. Learned scientists demonstrate that the cent. for last year's business. They say falls are steadily receding, and that in proach Lake Erie, but the process is so

"Oh, Alice," soin she, breathless with York, stating to make Elizabeth Morse are removed and they are lifted up, they the haste she had made, "I've had such York is sure to enjoy this greatest rival an escape!" several thousand years they may apoff when he is sent to prison; out they to Yosemite for a long time to come.

> a practical man, with a soul full of genuine Christian charity, is J. M. Lewis, of Talledega, Ala. He gave a dinner recently to thirty lads of his village, at which he presented each with a sixbladed jack knife and three dollars in money. They are to have a reunion in a year, when first and second prizes will be awarded to the youngsters who can show the best record in making and saving money from the capital thus furnished them. Store boxes will be at a premium in Talledega this year, but the Alice. "Every girl is the better for a example of Mr. Lewis might be followed everywhere by philanthropists with benefit to the rising generation.

It will not surprise anyone to learn that, although there was some falling off in the value of the gold product in this country during the year 1888, the output of all the precious metals was greater than ever before. The mining industry has been active, and the gain has been especially noticeable in the production of copper, the increase for the year in comparison with 1887 being \$7,898,744. The decrease in the value of gold produced was \$2,512,365, but this was nearly offset by the increase in the item of silver alone, the gain shown being \$2,318,863, while there was also an increase in lead of \$1,632,557, making the total increase in the value of the precious metals for the year \$9,337,799.

There are twenty-eight Rear Admirals on the retired list living in Washington. It used to be said that if one threw a brick over the wall of the League Island Navy Yard on pay day it would hit at least four Rear Admirals, but these venerable heroes would seem to be still more numerous nowadays at the Capital. Washington is notoriously a snug harbor for officers in both branches of the military service. The Post counts up the fourteen Colonels, five Majors, twentyfive Captains, eleven Lieutenants, twenty-eight Rear Admirals, sixteen Commodores, and three naval Captains. Most of them are rich and live in fine houses.

Krupp's Great Gun Works.

An interesting work has just appeared in Germany about Herr Alfred Krupp and his foundry at Eissen. It shows nings of this establishment, which goes back as far as 1811, and which merely verretated till 1851. In 1833 only nine workmen were employed in the factory; in 1848, seventy-two.

To-day Herr Krupp has under his employ 20, 560 workmen, 13,726 of whom are employed in the foundry at Eissen. Counting the families of these workmen, 73,769 persons live from the work of the establishment, and of this number 24, 193 occupy the dwellings belonging to the foundry. Some 2735 tons of coal are burned daily, and the eleven high furnaces produce 600 tons of cast iron daily .- Commercial Advertiser.

BYGONES

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew. Ve hitter words, of anger born; Ye thoughts unkind and deeds untrue. Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn; Against your memory we rebel, We have outlived your foolish day;

No longer in our hearts you dwell-Bygones! Bygones! pass away! But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears, Endearments fond and pleasures past; Ye hopes of life's first budding years, Ye loves that seemed too bright to last; Ye charities and swords of peace,

Affection's sunshine after rain; Oh, never let your blessings cease-Bygones! Bygones! come again! -Charles Mackay.

## LIBBY'S AMBITIONS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES. "Why, Libby, is that you? Stop minute; I'm going your way, and I'll walk home with you."

"I'm in a hurry, Job!" stammered the tall young girl whom Job Lindley had

"But I won't detain you a second!" catching up the change and the parcel from the counter of the little general shop which served for grocery, dry goods emporium, flour-mill and postof-fice for the dwellers in Succothville.

"I'm ready now."
Libby Morse was a slender, brighteyed girl of eighteen. Job Lindley was the village druggist, a quick, keen faced young fellow, with a healthy giow on his cheeks.

They walked briskly along over the hard-frozen winter roads, in the gray twilight. "Were you getting anything at the store?" Job asked. "Have you any

bundles for me to carry?" Libby laughed bitterly. "I was asking for letters," said she. "There were none forme. I didn't much expect there would be. Luck don't

come to me!' "Luck?" Job looked at her in a perplexed way. "I hope, Libby-I do hope you haven't been persuaded into buying tickets in the Breezetown Lot-

"Nonsense." retorted Libby.
"Your uncle gives you all the spending money you want, don't he?"

"He gives me all I ask for," Libby answered-adding, within 'And little enough that is!" "You're not discontented at living with him?"

"Not especially."

"Because, Libby, if you don't like it where you are—"
"Oh, Job, there comes Alice Markham !" hastily interrupted the girl. "I've

got a message for Alice. You'll excuse me, won't you? Good-by!" Job Lindley stood puzzled, in the middle of the road, watching Libby's figure vanish against the yellow bar that still marked the spot where the sun

had gone down, half an hour ago. "It's queer," said he. "I'm hanged if I understand it! Every time I get anywhere near that subject she slips away from me, exactly as if she understood what I was going to say. It's like try-ing to catch the waters of a running brook in one's hand. To me there's no girl in all Succothville like Libby Morse, and yet I can't for the life of me tell whether she cares for me or not.'

Alice Markham, the young district school teacher, whose week it was in "bogiding-

In the meanwhile Libbie had joined

an escape!"
"Child, what on earth do you mean?" According to the New York Graphic in actual time, had the dignity of at least thirty summers. Perhaps it was as much owing to the

responsibilities of her position as to natural temperament, but still it was there-the sober, charming sedateness of "I think, Alice," said Libby, in a mysterious whisper, "that Job Lindley have been!"

wants to ask me to marry him. I've just been walking with him "Well-and if he does?" "It's such nonsense," said Libby.

slightly accelerating her swift, elastic "I don't see that at all," said composed

good, sensible husband."

"Fiddlesticks." cried Libby. "As if a girl with an ambition like me wanted to be tied down to life in the back parlor behind a druggist's counter!" "An ambition?" repeated Miss Mark-

"Ah, I haven't told you!" cried exultant Libby, dancing up and down until her feet sounded like tiny castanets against the frozen ground. "But I have an ambition-two or three of them! Shall I tell you what they are, Alice?" "If you can leave off flitting along like a will-o'-the-wisp, certainly," said Alice, twining one arm around Libby's

slender young waist. "Well, you see," explained Libby, lowering her voice to a confidential mystery, although there were only the frostbrightened stars and the yellow rim of Swope's Corners with me to-night, said light above the western woods to over-he. "There's to be a concert there, and light above the western woods to over- he. hear her communication, Thomas hasn't been very successful with his farm, of late, and as he has nine children of his own, he naturally feels as if I were a burden to him. And he Libby. hints that I ought to be doing something for myself. Now what can a girl do for

"Not much else, I must confess," said Miss Markham. "Well," pursued Libby, "I don't fancy any of these three roads to a livelihood. So I've picked out three other paths for I've been studying up the trembling on my lips every time I've myself. papers, Alice, and I've written a love - seen you for three months.

plain sewing?"

story, in competition for the hundreddollar prize offered by the Titus eld "Child, child!" cried Alice. "What

do vou know about love?" "As much as other girls, I fancy, said giddy Alice. Ophelia and Desdemona, and Lucia de Lammermoor, and all those classic heroines, and of course one depends a good deal on one's imagination. It wasn't a bad story, I know. Well, that's one Woman's Barter Fstablishment, in New York-how they'll pay you for good cake or preserves, or anything of that sort, less a trifling commission-so I sent how slow and difficult were the begin- a box of pl m am to them, a box that ought to net me ten dollars at least."

"That's Number Two," smiled Alice. "Excuse me for saying that I have more faith in Number Two than in Number

"We shall see," nodded Libby. "And the third-" "Yes," encouraged Alice, "I answered an advertisement for a

wife," whispered Libby, hanging down her pretty head. "Yes, Alice, I did. You needn't start back in that tragical manner. Other girls do it. Why shouldn't I? Such a beautifully-worded of Massachusetts, unreservedly recomadvertisement! A widower, all alone in mends woman suffrage.

the world, sighing for sympathy and love-a widower of means, Alice!" "Libby, you have done wrong," said Alice, with a gravity that impressed her

young companion more than she would have been willing to confess.
"Well, I've done it, and there's an end of the matter!" said Libby, with a turbing it. Rain water is preferred rebellious shake of the head. no use in lecturing me. Uncle Tom clear liquor into a large vessel and dip shall find out that I'm not entirely with- the silk up and down in it until it is shall find out that I'm not entirely with-out resources! A hundred dollars for thoroughly saturated. Do not wring it, line room on the seventh floor of the Westthe story besides all the fame it will but let it hang where it can drip. When bring me, Alice), ten dollars from the nearly dry lay it flat on the table and rub plum jam-and there, you see, is enough to buy quite a neat little trousseau for marrying the widower. People don't it place it between flannel and use a launch out with silk dresses and dozens of underclothes as much as they did;

"Libby," urged Miss Markham, "are you really in earnest?" Libbie broke out into a little hysteri-

cal laugh.
"Alice," said she, "I've thought of nothing nothing else and dreamed of nothing else for a week. And it's strange—so masher. The object is to get the fat strange that I never have received an into such a condition that the tissue and else for a week. And it's strange-so answer to any of the three communications!"

ting across the sere meadow.

"Oh, look here, Lib!" said he. "The scraps. Salt does not melt in pure lard, storekeeper he's found a lot o' letters as and therefore will not give it a saline got hid away under the meal bags, where they was sortin' the mail on Thursday. the clear fat out into a vessel, using a They calculate as Pete, the puppy, done strainer, or into another kettle, so as to They calculate as Pete, the puppy, done it-he's chuck full of mischief and tricks; and the torekeeper he give me a After removal of scraps, cook for fifteen lemon ball if I'd take these to you. I minutes, so as to roast any scraps still was lickin' the inside of the molasses remaining in the fat, and your lard is keg, with Johnny Piper and Sam Stokes, ready to put away and will keep as long keg, with Johnny Piper and Sam Stokes, under the counter—"
Libby grasped the letters, and even

by that imperfect light, Alice could see at 110 to 120 degrees. Let our farmers the snow and crimson chasing each other They were already inside the little

gate, and Libby caught at her companion's arm with nervous haste. "Let us go up stairs to your room, Alice," she whispered. "There is always such a swarm of children in the keeping-room, and one never can have a moment to oneself. Besides, there is only that lamp in the house, and I can't

read by candle-light."
Side by side, in the school-teacher's apartment, by the light of the flickering, strong-scented kerosene lamp, Libby and Alice opened the letters.

The first, whose envelope bore the stamp of the Titusfield Literary Ciarion, was brief enough. The editor regretted that Miss Morse's manuscript had proved unsuited to his columns, but would return it to her address on the receipt of sufficient postage stamps to de-

fray the cost of transportation by mail "There's an end of that!" cried cried Libby, passionately, tearing the letter in two and flinging its fragments on the leaving them there not longer than ten ground.

The second was an elegantly-written note, on scented and monogrammed paper, from the Secretary that Miss Morse's kind favor per the Rackawaxen Pailroad Express, had been sampled, and had unfortunately proved to be below the standard which the establishment had set up. The box and wring them very slightly. Then stretch them immediately over clean awaited her orders, and Mrs. Geraldus sheets. Lay the sheets over a thickly-Geoffreys remained "hers truly," etc.,

Libby. "Standard of excellence, indeed! It's all favoritism. There's a draw out the pattern. This may seem a ring-I know there is! The whole thing tedious process; but if the directions are ought to be exposed through the news- faithfully carried out one will be amply papers."

The third letter was brief enough. It the effects of a notorious swindler, who said Miss Markham, who, though she had fled from justice about a week was scarcely a month older than Libby previously It was returned to her. with a well-meant warning to avoid such traps in the future. Most of his dupes, it was stated, had inclosed money, rings and photographs to him, but she was fortunately among the exceptions.

Poor Libby! she burst into angry tears, with her head on Alice's shoulder. "Oh, Alice," she cried, "what a fool I

And Miss Markham was endeavoring to console her, when Tommy came clat-tering up stairs to shout at the keyhole that "supper was ready, and marm had been frying flapjacks, and there was some real maple molasses on the table, better than that on the inside of the keg at Billingses' store!"

Alice went down. She knew that it would give mortal offense to Mrs. Morse's taste. Beat the eggs until very light; housewifely pride to neglect this sum- add the other ingredients; put the mixmons: but Libby flung a hood over her head, and rushed out into the cold night

"I couldn't speak to any now," she pleaded. "You'll keep my secret, Alice-won't you?" Just there at the gate stood Job Lind-

"Libby !" It was all that he said, but the one word was so full of devotion, allegiance, tender appreciation, that Libby stopped

involuntarily. It was a healing balm to her hurt spirit and wounded pride. "I was coming to ask you to go to

-But is anything the matter, Libby?" he asked, checking himself in mid-explanation. "Yes, Job, I should like to go," said

"It's very good of you to ask "But you're in some sort of trouble, herself in Succothville but go out to Libby!" exclaimed Job. "You've been service, or enter the factory, or take in crying? Has your unc'e been cross to Because, Libby, you needn't stay vou? under his roof unless you choose. If you'll come to me and be my wife, Libby, there's nothing you need ask for in vain. It may sound abrupt to you, this love story of mine, but it's been

> It was a strange, short wooing; but when they came into the noisy, cheerful house-room, Libby had promised to be

honest Job's wife. The failure of her fantastic ambitions er girls, I fancy," had luckily driven her into the sure

"I have got my own love story now." she said to Alice Markham. "Better than all the Desdemonas and Ophelias that the editor of the Titusfield Literary Clarion ever dreamed about. And road. And I read the statement of the Job is worth forty sentimental widowers. And as for the plum jam-we'll let that go! Mrs. Geraldus Geoffreys is welcome to it for her afternoon teas!" "And you are really happy at last?"

wistfully asked Miss Markham. "Yes, dear Alice, I really am happy at last," said Libby. And her radiant face bore witness to her words. - Saturday Night.

Statistics of the Kingdom of Saxony show that at the close of 1886 the deposits in the savings banks (200 in numper) amounted to \$115,000,000, or about \$30 for each inhabitant. The number of depositors was 1,340,000 out of a population of little more than 3,000,000.

In his latest message Governor Ames

## HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Clean Silk. For every quart of water required to cleanse the silk pare and grate one large potato in the water, which must be cold, and let stand for two days without dis-"So when it can be obtained. Pour off the it with a linen cloth, first on one side then on the other. If necessary to press moderate iron. - Detroit Free Press.

Rendering Lard.

A prominent Chicago packer gives the following directions for rendering lard so it will be nice and white: "Grind the fat or chop it as you would sausage meat, where you have but a small quantity, using the chopping bowl and potato fibrine will separate quickly from the clear fat. Now, by the mild heat and Just then little Tommy, the youngest constant stirring, melt to the consistency hope of the house of Morse, came trot- of thin gruel, then scatter salt enough over the surface to carry down all the taste. Then allow it to settle, and dip remove all scraps from the bottom. as wanted. To keep lard it is necessary to raise the heat at 180 degrees. It melts and their wives try the above method and they will never go back to the old way of cooking lard again. In answer to an inqury as to how to prevent lard from boiling over while cooking, put in a little salt. This is the best known remedy .-- New York Herald.

> Doing Up Lace Curtains. The cleausing of fine curtains in the winter time is a very nice operation, and one that few housekeepers have the cour-

> age to attempt at home. The following directions I carried out with flattering success: Place the curtains in a tub of cold

water and allow them to remain for almost an hour. Remove carefully, wringing slightly, and again place them in fresh cold water, where leave for three or four hours. Again wring them care-fully, and stretching them across a clean table, rub thoroughly with some pure washing soap; roll up tightly and lay in moderately warm water for a full hour. Then transfer them into very hot water, minutes. Once more change into cold water for a few minutes. The next move is into a moderately strong blue water, where let them remain about five Woman's Barter Establishment, stating minutes. Boil one half pound of starch quite thick, fine flour quality; this will be sufficient for three good-sized curtains. Dip the curtains into the starch carpeted floor of a large room and pin down the edges of the lace, drawing it "It's all nonsense!" cried breathless firmly, with extreme care. The pins should be placed close together, so as to rewarded for the pains. The curtains should be left stretched across the sheets

Recipes. cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one egg, a teaspoonful and a half of baking

powder mixed with the flour. Roll very STEWED POTATOES.—Cut in slices twelve cold boiled potatoes; add a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful

minced parsley; stew ten minutes. FRIED APPLES. - Make a batter of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Slice, pare and core tart apples as Saratoga potatoes. Dip them in the batter and fry. Eat

with powdered sugar. CORN SOUFFLE. -Two cups of canned corn, one pint of milk, two eggs, salt to ture in a buttered pudding dish, and bake about forty minutes.

SCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER .- Prepare the cauliflower, and steam or boil until tender. If poiled, use equal quantities Separate into of milk and water. bunches of equal size, place in a pudley, a black shadow against the star- ding-dish, cover with a cream sauce, sprinkle with grated bread crumbs, and brown in the oven.

MUTTON BROTH .- This is often ordered for invalids. It should be made as plainly as possible, and so as to secure the juice of the meat. Boil slowly about two pounds of lean mutton for two hours; skin it very carefully, as it simmers, and do not put in much salt. Some vegetable may be added as a seasoning, and for some broths a little

HOMINY CROQUETTES .- Two cups of cold boiled hominy, one egg beaten light, pinch of salt, teaspoonful of sugar, a little milk. Beat the egg into the hominy, mash it free from lumps. Add milk cautiously until the hominy is as soft as it can be handled. Stir in the salt and sugar, and form the mixture into croquettes with floured hands. - Set aside for an hour in a cool place to become firm. Fry in deep fat to a good brown.

FLOUR SOUP .- One tablespoon beef fat, one heaping tablespoon flour, two sliced onions, two pints water, one pint milk, one mashed potato, salt and pepper. Fry the onions in the fat till light brown; remove, pressing out the fat. In the same fat now cook the flour, and add, a little at a time, the water. back the onions and let it stand a while, then add milk and potato. Salt well. The potato may be cmitted and a little more flour added.

CHICKEN SALAD .- Mince the meat of chicken fine; then chop the white parts of celery, and prepare a dressing as follows: Kub the yolk of two hardboiled eggs smooth; to each yolk put one teaspoonful of made mustard, half as much salt, two raw eggs, a wineglass of vinegar and a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Put the celery in a salad bowl; lay the chicken on that, and then pour over it the dressing. Lettuce cut small may be used instead of celery, but the latter is much more delicious. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings to garnish salad.

The richest patient in Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, New York, is Howard Meyer. He is the son of the New Bruns. wick millionaire, and has an income of \$70,000 a year. There isn't any difficulty in securing the highest medical service and best attention for him, but his wealth only serves to surround him with luxuries he does not appreciate.

WIRE TROUBLE HUNTERS.

FINDING AND FIXING BREAKS IN TELEGRAPH LINES.

Three Classes of Difficulties-The Lineman's Dangerous Occupa. tion-What a Pole Climber Saw.

To a person not thoroughly versed in ern Union Building on Broadway would prove particularly interesting. It is situated immediately beneath the switchboard, and has over five thousand wires entering the different windows. This is the linemen's headquarters, and the starting point of the "trouble hunters."

"I am often asked what a 'trouble hunter' is, and I will tell you," said one of the oldest hands to a Star reporter. We are notified by one of the operators at the switchboard that circuit thirtysix, say, is dead, and the 'trouble-hunter' starts from this point and follows the wire carefully to the spot where the break is. There his responsibility ceases and the repair gang take hold and remedy what defect they find. There are three classes of difficulties we encounter. They are designated as 'open,' 'ground' and 'escape.' An 'open' is a complete break in the wire, which is easily enough repaired when found.

"When a wire grounds' it's a different thing. The earth, of course, is a re-pository for all electrical fluids, and if an exposed wire touches at any place it naturally interferes with the circuit. A green pole, when wet, is also an ex-cellent conductor, and frequently causes us no end of trouble. A telegraph pole should be thoroughly seasoned before being put into use, but frequently a green one is put up, and then after a heavy shower the wrapper around the wire may become worn, and, the line coming in contact with the green wood, the electrical current instead of being carried along on the circuit, runs into the earth; and until the defect is remedied the line is practically useless. A green pole from a window, touching an exposed wire, would not interfere with the working unless the pole in some way ran into the earth.

"An 'escape' is on the same principle as a 'ground.' It generally occurs where the insulation on a wire becomes worn and part of the electrical fluid escapes and part runs on the circuit."

"What are the principal qualifications to become a lineman?"

"A cool head. Anyone could perform the mechanical part of the work after a little experience, but to do it at an elevation of a couple of hundred feet on a slim pole, when a fall means certain death, is another thing. When a strong wind is blowing it makes the task particularly hard and dangerous. The spurs we wear, attached to our boots, sometimes give war; and then again the wood is often rotten, and one misstep means a fall. There's a knack in climb ing up a poll properly, but it's not half as bad as coming down. The sensation, I can tell you, is very peculiar to a new hand."

According to the statement of half a dozen linemen spoken to, some very strange sights have been witnessed by them while perched on a crossbar of a pole. One of them in relating his ex-perience said he was working for a telephone company in Brooklyn and had been sent to repair a wire on Clark street. It was necessary for him to climb nearly every pule in the street, and while ascending one near the corner of Hicks street he was enabled to look diagonally into the windows of a house. The eight her saw riveted his attention for a few moments. There was an elderly gentleman on the bed surrounded by members of his family, and was evidently dying. The man gazed at the picture a moment in surprise, and then proceeded with his work and descended to the gr house faced on Hicks street, and before the door a small crowd had gathered, and were discussing some news.

"Whose house is that?" he asked old gentleman who had come down the steps. The gentleman looked at him in surprise a moment. That is Henry Ward Beecher's house," he replied, "and he has just died."

The First Presidential Home. President Cleveland was the first of the twenty-two Presidents to build h'm-

self a home in Washington and occupy it while the chief executive. General Grant owned three houses in Washington during his second term, but never occupied any of them. Heretofore the summer homes of the Presidents have been in a cottage at the Soldiers' Home, commonly known as the President's cottage. It is not the property of the Government, but of the soldiers, and they have tendered it free to the different Presidents. Mr. Lincoln always spent his summers there. General Grant would spend a portion of the summer there. but most of the time at Long Branch. Hayes always spent his summers there, but Arthur never did. He would generally go off on a fishing expedition during the summer. When President Cleveland was elected he was invited to make this his summer home, but he declined, and purchased Oak View as a summer home. learn that Mr. Cleveland will not sell Oak View, but will retain the property and rent it, for he believes the amount of money invested will bring him a better income from this source than by any other investment he might make. Then, in case he ever decides to take up his residence in Washington, he will have a home. - Atlanta Constitution.

A War Song.

A Ninth Ward schoolboy administered a thrashing to a playmate, and as a punishment for his pugnacity his teacher required him to "write it up" and read the composition before the school. youth has in him the making of a great poet, as his effusion shows. Two hours of solitary confinement evolved the following:

When I was awalking around one day I met Robert Jones: Before I said a word to him he begun afiring stones.

Bo you suppose I'd stand adoing nothing on the ground, While he was slinging rocks and stones and everything around? So I just goes up to him and batted him in the eye, And then the little coward hollered and he

begun to cry. He told the teacher what I'd done and she made me write it up; that's the reason I think Bobby is a sneakin' little pup. —Binghamton Republican.

A Horse's Great Record as a Sire.

The influence of one good sire is scarcely estimable, but in the Live-Stock Journal Almanack for 1889 Mr. W. Burdett-Couts, M. P., calculates that the celebrated hackney stallion Triffit's Fireaway represents in his stock a money value of £250,000. He is now rising thirty years old and has been at the stud for over twenty-five years. He has averaged o : 100 foals a year, the last prices of which are given at £100 each. So great is his influence that his stock can be recognized at sight, and an instance is given of foals got by him out of a cart-mare which as five-year-olds were sold by London dealers at 300 to 400 guiness the pair.

WAITIN FER THE CAT TO DIE Lawzy! don't I richollect

That 'ere old swing in the lane! Right and proper, I expect, Old times can't come back again; But I want to state, of they Could come back, and I could say What my pick ud be, 'y jing! I'd say, Gimme the old swing Nunder the old locus trees On the old place, of you please, Danglin' there with Exis shet oye. Waitin' fer the cat to die!

I'd say, Gimme the old gang Of barefooted, hungry, lean, Or'n'ry boys you want to hang

When you're growed up twicet as mean! The old gyarden patch, the old Truants, and the stuff we stoled! The old stompin' groun' where we Wore the grass off, wild and free As the swoop of the old swing, Where we uset to climb and cling And twist roun', and fight, and lie-Waitin' fer the cat to die!

Pears like I 'most allus could Swing the highest of the crowd-Jes sail up their tel I stood Downside up, and screech out loud, Ketch my breath, and jes drap back Fer to let the old swing slack, Yit my tow-head dippin' still In the green boughs, and the chill Up my backbone tarerin' down,

With my shadder on the groun'

Slow and slower trailin' by-Waitin' fer the cat to die! Now my daughter's little Jaco's Got a kind o' baby swing \_\_ On the porch, so's when it rains She kin play there-little thing! And I'd limped out t'other day, With my old cheer this a-way, Swingin' her and rockin' too, Thinkin' how I uset to do At her age, when suddenly. "Hey, gran'pap," she says to me, "Why you rock so slow?" Says I,

'Waitin' fer the cat to die!" -James Whitcomb Riley, in Harper.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Plucky men-Poulterers. Aids to reflection-Mirrors. Fashion's surplus -The bustle. A designing man-The architect, Epitaph for a boatman-Life is oar. Steak-holders-Restaurant waiters. Room for argument-The court-room. Time out of mind-A forgotten date. A "cow-catcher"-Pleuro-pneumonia,

A hand-to-hand affair-Courting in the dark. The oldest verse in existence-The imiverse.

Beef was high when the cow jumped

over the moon. A sad case of absence of mind in one o young-The juvenile "I won't." A hotel advertises among its attracions a "parlor for ladies thirty-five feet wide."-Detroit Free Press.

"Where would you advise me to go to, doctor? I suffer so from insomnia 'You'd better go to sleep." No man is big enough to safely ignore the influence that put him where he is, Unless he happens to be in jail.

You cannot expect a man to tell which way the wind is, simply because he is a little vain .- Boston Bulletin. The butcher who had his whole stock attached complained that there was too

cata-Holel Mail. much lien on Mr. W. a, of Chicago, said her husband fried almost everything; but never made money until he tried lard. The photographer is about the only man who is not afraid to tell a lady to

shut her mouth and try to look pleasant. The burning of the malt-house the other day went against the grain and caused considerable ferment. - New York

There is something paradoxical bout counterfeiting. It is a moneyabout counterfeiting. making business which does not pay .-New York News.

to-day." - Good Housekeeping .. "Heard my last joke? It is great positively Shakespearian." heard it. I thought it was earlier than

To the man who motion lacks; It matters not how slow he goes, He cannot help make tracks.

There is one family that will be able to buy ice this summer. - Richmond Des-Clara-"Jack, can you return my love?" Jack (who has an "understand-

He said in derision, "Oh, give us a rest" To the copper whose eye he had caught. The policeman with promptness did grant

the request. And gave him arrest on the spot "Oh, postman, to-morrow morning I have something very important to say to my husband. Couldn't you be just a

> The infinite variety Of winter weather Breeds discontent, satiety, And ague altogether; Discourages sobriety,
> And also strict propriety
> In polish on shoe leather.

The craze for whistling among girls is seriously troubling the humorous editor of the Boston Transcript. He says it is almost impossible to tell whether a girl is soliciting a kiss, or is only preparing to pucker. He ought to give the girl the benefit of the doubt .- Youngstown

"And this is silver ore, is it?" said Mrs. Snaggs, as she examined a piece of curious looking mineral in a "Yes, my dear," said her hussmelter. "And how do they get the silver "They smelt it." "Well, that's out?" "They smelt it." queer," after applying her nose to the "I smelt it, too, but didn't get ore. any silver." -- Omaha Ee.

An Ancient Bill of Funeral Expenses. At the 250th anniversary of the Connecticut Constitution the other evening, at Hartford, one of the speakers read the items of the funeral expenses of an old Here they are:

June 8, 1678.—An account of what was expended on Mr. David Porter for his taking up and burial:

up and burial:
By a pint of lyqr. to those that
dived for him....
By a qrt. of lyqr. to those that
brought him home... £00.01.00 brought him home...

By 2 qrts, of wine and gall, of sdyr,
to ye jury of inquest....

By 8 galls, and 3 qrts, wine for the By a coffin, cost...... By a winding sheete, cost...... By a winding sheete, cost...... By to pay for the grave, etc.....

New.

"Mary, how is it that the chairs are all covered with dust?" "Why, ma'am, no one has been sitting on them so far

Shakespeare, though."-Buzar. It must seem strange, whene'er it snows,

"The wealth of the Vanderbilt family s now computed at \$274,000,000.

ing" with Clara's sister)-"Clara, I cannot, but I will always be a brother-inlaw to you."

little slow, so as not to deliver his newspapers till noon?"-Fliegen le Blaetter.

-Chicago News.

colonial citizen who died by drowning.